THE GRAND SCHEMER

HIS TAILOR CALLS TO SEE HIM WITH HIS LITTLE BILL.

The Account Remains Unsettled, but the Clothing Artist is Taken Into the Great American Steam Trousers Creaser Company.

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Major Crofoot had left the door of his office open by accident, and as he sat smoking with his heels on his desk he was suddenly accosted with:

"I vhas come for dot leetle bill."

"What—er—eh—is it you?" exclaimed the major as he almost fell out of his chair in getting up. "Well, well, but this is luck. Why, man, I was just making out a check for you. I happened to remember that I owed you a dollar for cleaning my suit."

"Yes, it vhas a dollar," replied the tailor as he held out the bill, "und you don't pay me for a year."

"A year? How time flies! Yes, it is a bill for a dollar for cleaning a salt and pepper suit, and if you had only waited half an hour you would have had a check for it. The check would have been filled out for $100. My dear

"I VHAS COME FOR DOT LEETLE BILL."

man, you are one of the few people who had confidence in me when my fortunes were at the lowest ebb. The check for a hundred was to prove my gratitude."

"Vhell, I'll take him now," said the tailor.

"Ah, I remember that salt and pepper suit and the days of my adversity!" sighed the major as he walked about and ignored the check. "You brought the suit up here one day thoroughly cleaned and rehabilitated, and you went away saying not a word about the bill. You treated me as if I had millions of dollars, and never, never can I forget your consideration. Major Crofoot remembers those who remember him."

"Vhell?" queried the tailor as he looked at the bill in his hand.

"I said a check for a hundred," replied the major, "but I shall do better than that. A hundredfold is not enough. I'll make a rich man of you. I'll put you right up among the millionaires. The more I think of how you trusted in my integrity the more anxious am I to prove my gratitude. Tailor, shake hands. Tailor, accept my congratulations."

"But how vhas he?" asked the creditor, with a puzzled look.

"It was this way, my dear, confiding friend: I was just about to incorporate the Great American Steam Trousers Creaser, with a cash capital of $1,000,000. The papers go to the secretary of state today. Next week the first machine is set up. In three months we shall have 50 of them at work in the principal cities of the United States. The stock is supposed to sell at par, but I can get you $10,000 worth at $87. The dividends won't be less than 50 per cent and may go a hundred. For the first machine out we want a practical manager. You shall have the position at $20,000 a year. Tailor, shake hands."

"I don't see how he vhas," said the tailor after a lymphatic shake.

"You don't? That is because your good fortune has for the moment upset you. Look at my trousers. Look at the trousers of all the men you meet. There are creases in them. When you buy a pair of $10 trousers, you pay $5 for the creases. You must have 'em to be in the swim. Can't go into society or get a check cashed at the bank without 'em. The creasing, as you know, is now done by hand and is slow work. Our company will crease by steam. The trousers will be fed in, the same as straw, and at the rate of 30 pairs a minute. They come out beautifully creased, at a cost of only a quarter a pair, and there you are. Each machine will crease 18,000 pairs per day of ten hours, and that's an income of $4,500 a day. We shall steam crease the trousers of the world. Every royal head will be among our patrons. Isn't it plain to you now? Isn't it as clear as daylight that you will be riding in your own barouche in less than six months?"

"But you owe me a dollar," persisted the tailor.

"Great Scott, but you talk about a dollar when hundreds of thousands are falling at your feet! Let me go over this once again. We are the Great American Steam Trousers Creaser. We don't steam trousers, but we crease 'em by steam."

"I know."

"We crease 18,000 pairs per day at a quarter a pair. We make $4,400 per day clear money on every machine, and we have 20,000 machines at work. Your share of the profits will be at least half a million dollars per year. In ten years you are worth $5,000,000. Tailor, shake hands. It all comes from your confidence in me."

"But I don't have some confidence. I vhas here for my dollar."

"And the dollar is your deposit on your ground floor stock. It is an evidence of your good faith and will eventually be returned to you. Can you sell your shop today? Can you be ready in three days to take hold of the first machine and feed 18,000 pairs of trousers through it? You can, of course. You will be ready, and I can depend on you. Shall I speak to some bank about your opening an account?"

"If—if—you could pay"—

"You'll get your first month's salary in advance, and if you want to use half a million I can lend you the cash. That's all, except that we'll shake hands again. You will excuse me, I know, but I've got to go out for an hour or two. Call again. See you later. Don't fail me."

The grand promoter put on his hat and overcoat and left the office. The tailor had come for that dollar. He took a chair to wait. The fire was low and the room was cold, and in an hour his teeth were chattering. He stood it for another hour, and then he rose up and softly tiptoed out and went down stairs. At the foot of the stairs he met a man who queried:

"Do you know if that old deadbeat Major Crofoot is up stairs?"

"He vhas gone out," was the reply.

"Have you been trying to collect a bill?"

"Yes."

"And how did you come out?"

"I vhas put into dot Great American Steam Trousers Creaser und creased all over 18,000 pairs a day, und now I vhas glad to go home mit my life und let dot bill go. Shake hands. I congratulate you!" M. QUAD.

A WOMAN'S STRATEGY.

She Found a Way to Quicken a Laggard Lover to Action.

After the athletic young man, resting lazily in an easy chair, had studied the ceiling at which he was blowing smoke he replied to the pretty sister who had twice asked him the same question:

"Bess, you know I don't care the turn of my hand for women. I'm saturated with what the politicians call apathy. Of course I remember the Georgia girl that visited us last summer. She was a magnificent creature to look at, but I'll warrant she is just like the rest of them. I paid her some attention for your sake, little one, but really I had to think twice before recalling her. Her name was Molly, wasn't it?"

"Tab Twing writes me of a report that Molly is going to marry Captain Howker of the army. You know him," and the sister took observations from the corner of one eye.

"What, that chump? The infernal feather headed flirt and egotistical ignoramus! What right has a conceited puppy like that to marry a woman like her, to drag her from garrison to camp and from camp to garrison? Don't her family know enough to prevent it? Good heavens, Bess, you have influence with her! Why don't you interfere?"

"And get snubbed for my pains? I guess not! But you seem agitated about the matter, my dear boy."

"No; it's not that, Bess." Yet she could see the blush on the back of his neck as he looked out the window. "I'm ill. I've felt it coming on for several weeks. The truth is that the doctor says I must go south for awhile," and he never hesitated at this whopper, and she was gushing in her hypocritical sympathy. "It's a confounded nuisance, but I'll start tonight!"

Within 15 minutes she sent this: "Darling Molly, he's coming. I told you I'd find a way to stir him up."—Detroit Free Press.

When the Chief Cook Leaves.

The importance of a chief cook becomes evident when the time for his departure arrives. One day last week the proprietor of a popular restaurant on Fifth avenue decided for reasons of his own to part with the services of the man who had for some years looked after his kitchen. The chef retired and with him more than 20 of his assistants. This number included his assistant cooks and every man in the kitchen, even to the unimportant functionary who presides over the refrigerators. This exodus did not surprise the proprietor.

The chef had brought the others with him, and they were in a way more closely attached to his service than to the proprietor who paid them their wages. When a substitute was hired, he also brought the same complete corps of assistants who are supposed to know the methods of their chief better than any assistants not directly employed by him.

This manner of employment exists in all the large restaurants, where the head cook is absolute master in the kitchen and controls all the branches of his department down to the most unimportant. He is held responsible on this ground for all that may happen under his direction even if he was not personally concerned in the matter.—New York Sun.

Evolution.

Johnny was spelling his way through a marriage notice in the morning paper.

"At high noon," he read, "the clergyman took his stand beneath the floral bell, and to the music of the wedding march the contradicting parties moved down the"—

"Not 'contradicting,' Johnny," interrupted his elder sister, "'contracting.'"

"Well," stoutly contended Johnny, "they'll be contradicting parties after awhile."—Youth's Companion.

By the Cabman's Watch.

Blinks—I hear the cabmen are going to strike for shorter hours.

Minks (who sometimes rides)—Why, goodness me, their hours are not over 40 minutes long now!—New York Weekly.

It is one of the peculiarities of Wall street zoology that the lambs are always bulls.—Philadelphia Ledger.

You can't convince a man who has dyspepsia that crime is not on the increase.—Philadelphia Record.

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February 17, 1903.

ESTATE OF CATHERINE RAYNER, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of JOSEPH W. ELLOR, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

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